

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



Hal Humphreys.

ANOTHER HATCHET STORY.

LITTLE DAVE (who occasionally DOES deviate from the line of strict veracity).—I may not be able to hack this down; but I'll try to ruin it, anyhow!



PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Runner.

Wednesday, February 24th, 1892. — No. 781.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

HON. DAVID BENNETT HILL,
U. S. SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF NEW YORK,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR SIR:—

We recently had the pleasure of addressing you on the subject of your Democracy. Taking for text the famous, yet simple phrase, "I am a Democrat," we endeavored delicately to suggest to you that your claim to sole ownership in the sentiment thus expressed was likely to be disputed by some 5,538,232 other Democrats of voting age and full citizenship. On the present occasion, the few remarks that we take the liberty of addressing to you will be devoted not to the discussion of your Democracy, but to a consideration of the character and condition of the gray matter of your brain and the development of bacilli and other insect life therein.

It is most interesting, Mr. Hill, to note the effect of presidential bacteria in a brain like yours. Caterpillars in a two-year-old pear-tree are nothing to it. We need only sketch the history of your case to prove that the caterpillars are not in it with the bacteria that have weakened your intellect. The beginning of the year 1891 found you in fair mental health. Your mind was not naturally large, nor have you broadened it by education or experience; but it was active, energetic and industrious, and quite adequate for your personal needs. Hitherto it had served you well. But the fatal germs of presidential aspiration were already breeding in the sinuous convolutions of your brain, and were soon to get in their deadly work. So far, however, they gave no sign. Your reputation for smartness was undimmed by any serious cloud. It is true, you had once got yourself elected Governor by openly and shamelessly selling out the leader of your party, who was then running for the Presidency; but your case at the time was desperate, and loyalty was never much in your line. And so, at that date you may fairly be considered to have been mentally sound and well conditioned.

So far, your brain had certainly served you well. You began life as a small district politician in Elmira, and you had got to be Governor of the Empire State by the use of that brain — for certainly it was not your heart that won your position for you. You were, moreover, in spite of some opposition, unquestionably the choice of your party for the office you held. And although you were not personally a popular man, although you could boast of no magnetic attraction, yet you had built up for yourself, by the skillful and unscrupulous use of other men's greed and selfish ambition, what is known as a machine — a party-following so strong that, within the limits of party organization, it could and would give you everything that you desired. Nor, so long as your desires were reasonable, were your followers likely to receive any violent check from the people; for the opposition you had excited was no greater than any demagogue must expect to excite. And it was confined, principally, to the class of people who do more thinking than voting. Consequently, when you asked your followers to send you to the United States Senate, they promptly did so; and the people looked on, — most with calm indifference, some with a mild curiosity, — to know what you were going to do and what was going to happen to you in a place for which you were little fitted by education, character or experience.

This would have satisfied most men, and ought to have satisfied even a man of your sort; and undoubtedly it would have satisfied you, if that presidential bacillus had not been battenning on your brain-tissue. Had you been in your normal condition of mental health, you would have said to yourself: "Here I have exhausted the last resources of political machinery; here I must stop for the present. If I am to go further, I must advance by other methods than those which I have hitherto employed. I am now dealing, not with the people of my own state alone, but with the people of the whole United States. If I am to take the one step forward which I desire to take, it must be with their consent, if not at their instance." And this is precisely what you would have said, if it had not been for that same hungry, unsatisfied bacillus. But the nasty little germ

was getting in its fine work; and, as usual, it had attacked the perceptive faculties first. Your mental vision was no longer clear. You could not see the People.

In fact, you had not seen the People for a long while, or you would have known two things: first, that whatever they might come to think of you in time, you had done nothing yet, and had been nothing yet, to make the People want you for a President; second, that there was another man in your party who had, by his character and his achievements, endeared himself to the majority of the voters of this country, and had certainly won the right to be considered before you — if you were to be considered at all in the matter. But the bacillus was there, clouding your faculties with smaller members of the bacillus family, and you could see your machine, and nothing beyond it. Having the machine, you did not consider the People necessary to your further advancement, and you promptly proceeded to insult them. The bacillus had you in his grip, and you forgot that while the People are often thoughtless, negligent and easy-going in local political matters, they have a sentiment about national affairs that is growing more strong and more sensitive with every year; and this sentiment you seriously offended when you undertook, for reasons of your own, to hold, at one and the same time, the offices of Governor of the State of New York and Senator of the United States. That was a mistake. It irritated every Democratic voter who retains a sense of his right to be represented, rather than bossed, by his party leaders. But it was a small thing, Mr. David Bennett Hill, compared with the mistake you made when you decided to substitute your machine for the people in the election of delegates for the National Convention, and undertook to "fix things" so that the delegation from your state should go to Chicago instructed to vote, not for the choice of the People, but for your choice of yourself. That, Mr. David Bennett Hill, was a slap right in the face of every Democratic voter from Maine to New Mexico. Out of the five-million-and-a-quarter of them there are probably some who will take that slap without resenting it; but there are more who will not stand that sort of treatment from you or any other man, big or little, who ever lived. And if you sent a packed delegation to Chicago from New York and every other state in the Union, you would hear from that self-respecting majority, first in June, then in November of the year 1892. The New York machine may make you Senator; it can never make you President until the rest of the Democratic voters of the United States take to wearing petticoats. That is our prognosis of your very interesting case of bacilli.



PUSHED FOR TIME.

SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—I thought you told the new servant girl to clean those windows.

HIS BETTER HALF.—I did. But she did n't have time to do it before she left.



A WARNING.

COL. SWORDS (*late of the Steenth Cavalry*).—Ah, good morning, Miss Dasher. Very fond of horse-back riding, I believe?

MISS DASHER.—Very much so, indeed. Decidedly healthy exercise, don't you think?

COL. SWORDS.—Yes; oh, yes! But don't carry it to excess; just see how my figure has been ruined by being so much in the saddle.

TWO SEASONS.



WHEN THE air is calm and sunny,
And the sward is smooth and green;
When an overcoat looks funny,
And a muff is never seen;
When you hear the street bands thrumming,
And the pavement 's dry and clear,
And you walk to business, humming,
You may know the Winter 's here!

When the ice is in the gutter,
And the snow flake 's on the wing;
When we ride out in a cutter
To the sleigh-bells' silvery jing,
Then is the time to rhyme it,
And in joyous praises sing
The (in this consistent climate)
Merry advent of the Spring.

Madeline S. Bridges.

GETTING PERSONAL.

RIVERS IDE.—This paper says that there was good skating at Central Park, last Saturday.

JIM HICKEY.—Good skating, eh! Then, some fresh reporter must have seen Miss Knowlton and me doing the outside edge together.

TOO DEAR.

"Pretty cheap sentiment, this," whispered the man next to him at the play.

"Dunno about that," was the answer; "I paid one dollar and fifty cents for my seat."

THERE WOULD BE no mysteries in this world if everything were looked into as often as a mirror is.

THE NEW COINS may be an improvement on the old ones, but they are undoubtedly equally shy and wary.

YOU CAN'T PUNISH a man for his evil intentions, and he often gets himself into a mess through his good ones.



DID N'T MENTION HER.

MRS. SPIGGS.—I know that woman was saying something horrid about me. I could tell by the way she looked at me.

MR. SPIGGS.—My dear, you do her injustice. She did n't mention you.

MRS. SPIGGS.—What did she say?

MR. SPIGGS.—She asked if I was near-sighted.

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

THE JIGS OF ABNER PEABODY.

NOBODY COULD dance more fluently than Abner Peabody. Time and place mattered little, so that he had inspiration in the form of music. He floated into a dance, then, as naturally as boarders float into the dining-room when the bell rings.



And speaking of boarders recalls the fact that Mr. Peabody was a favorite in his boarding-house. He was not a funny man, hardly a genial one; as a card-player he was ordinary; as a banjo-player he was a failure, mainly because he beat time so hard with his feet that he threw himself out of tune; he did not dress flagrantly; he was disposed to be reserved in speech and conduct; he did not give away many cigars; he seldom bought candy. But the landlady liked him because he was a light eater of meat, and paid regularly; Bridget liked him because she often found keys and pennies strewn about the floor, as if shaken from his

pockets — though she always returned the keys; most of the boarders liked him because he was always willing to resign the last chop, and could be counted on to dance when festivities occurred in the parlor; but two regarded him with dislike.

Emanuel Hennessy had taken offense at some strictures that Mr. Peabody once made as to the desirability of the 17th of March, and Matilda Greer was jealous of the landlady. Miss Greer had come to an age when she no longer expected attentions from gentlemen, but by the same token she was exacting in the matter of food, and what she paid for she intended to have.

Things came to a pass one evening when chicken soup was announced for dinner. Miss Greer came late to table, and she was willing to make affidavit that the chicken in her soup was veal; but she had looked into Peabody's plate, and had seen feathers. (It should be remarked in parenthesis that when the landlady discovered this cause of complaint, the soup was always afterward decorated from the pillows.) If there was anything that Miss Greer disliked it was a partial boarding-house, and she said so that evening at the tiddledy-winks meeting in Miss Mulsifer's room. Oddly enough, on the same night, Mr. Hennessy had a rock-and-rye party in his chamber on the fourth floor back, and the sins of Mr. Peabody, in respect of the 17th of March, were laid before the body in their shameless daring.

Each of these conspirators held a quiet tongue at meals, a thing easy to do where there is work for jaws; but kept a deal of thinking as to how Mr. Peabody might be reproved; while he, poor innocent, continued to enjoy the favor of his keepers, and could call for a second plate of pie with a confidence that few others in the room either felt or affected.

Shortly after, in the middle of a dinner, Clara Casteayne, who had just been to Maillard's with her young man and had left her appetite there, began to practice on the piano in the parlor overhead. As the music struck into a brisk measure, Mr. Peabody was visibly agitated. His legs became restless and irresponsible, and he clung to his chair with one hand, while eagerly plying his knife with the other. At last he dropped the knife, arose, and with a blitheness of step that made the gravity of his face seem deeper, he went upstairs in time to the music, sighing regretfully all the way. This incident did not pass unnoticed by Miss Greer and Mr. Hennessy, and they commented on it when the other boarders had drifted away.

Discussion led to an exchange of confidences between them, and they were talking in low tones when the music stopped, and Mr. Peabody unexpectedly descended into the dining-room, and asked if he could have his dessert. The landlady brought it from the kitchen with her own hands, and set it before him, expressing a hope that he was not ill.

"Not at all, Madam. Only a turn — a few turns. I — ah — would regard it as a favor, Madam, if Miss Casteayne would practice before dinner."

"I will speak to her. Do you like the shortcake?"

"Excellent, Madam."

"She gave him five," muttered Miss Greer, at the other end of the table.

"Five pieces?" gasped Mr. Hennessy.

"No; berries."

"I'll wager it's two more than any of the rest of us had," grumbled Mr. Hennessy.

"She's actually giving him a second plate," said Miss Greer, starting to her feet. "It's favoritism; that's what it is."

A hard light came into her eyes; she flung out of the room, and half a minute later the piano was going again. As the air of "The Irish Washerwoman" rang out, Mr. Peabody groaned and tried to finish his second helping of shortcake; but though he used his utmost speed, his agitation increased so fast that the spoon fell from his fingers, he sprang to his feet, and went careering up the stairs.

After the door had shut, a rhythmic jar was audible in his room, and the china vases on his mantel could be heard to jingle. "The Irish Washerwoman" was rollicking from the piano louder and more briskly than ever. Bridget presently knocked at the Peabody chamber, and asked:

"Is it sick ye are, sor?"

"Nope," came in a labored tone from within.

"The misthress have sint me up wid yer tay, sor."

"All — right. Come — in."

As Bridget opened the door, she was so astonished that the tea-cup almost fell from her hand, for Mr. Peabody had thrown off his coat, kicked his shoes into opposite corners, and was removing his necktie while dancing furiously. His face was sorrowful and sweaty.

"It is — quite warm," he puffed, still dancing. "Will you — please open the — window? Thanks. I would — like that tea — very mu-u-uch, if I — thought I could manage; —" and with an all-hands-around movement he caught the cup as he passed, and tried to drink; but at that instant the player in the parlor started afresh, louder and livelier than ever, and Mr. Peabody, keeping time, spilled half of the tea on his trousers.

"Dear! Dear! It's quite — unpleasant! Whew! But I really can not — take it while — I'm going — on like this — at least, from a — cup. Do you sup-pose there's — a nursing-bottle — in the house?"

"I'll see, sor."

"And who — is play-ing on the — piano, this time?"

"Miss Greer, sor."

"O-a-oh! Why will she — do it?"

"I don't know, sor. Will I bring yer tay in a bottle, sor?"

"If — you — please."

And it was so administered. These facts were drawn from Bridget by a limited but judicious outlay of coin and sympathy after the piano had become silent, about nine o'clock. At breakfast next morning

"The Irish Washerwoman" broke forth again with vicious energy. Mr. Peabody, taken unaware, was seized with a jig at the table and his coffee went into the hash. He was confused by the stern regard of Mr. Hennessy, and assuming a calm that he did not feel, he tried to eat deliberately; but as his feet were dancing under the table his movements were erratic, and twice he dipped marmalade into the bosom of his





shirt. At last, as he was rising, with a groan, the music stopped and he sadly finished his meal.

The November elections were at hand, and it was well known that Mr. Peabody was not without a hope of being able to serve his country as an alderman. He needed the place, because the hosiery trade, in which he was embarked, had been suffering depression. As a matter of fact, he received the Republican nomination, and, as the Second Ward was strongly Republican, the district boss told him that he was as good as elected, and assessed him two hundred dollars for campaign expenses. But there was an obstacle of which he had not wotted. He had never dreamed of a need of wotting it. This obstacle was Mr. Hennessy. That gentleman had called at the office of the Democratic committee and had spent an hour in secret converse with the owner of the city, with results that apparently put Mr. Hennessy into a state of content.

Two nights before election a meeting was held in Pentagon Square to indorse the candidates, the platform being enlivened with lanterns, bunting and orators. There were also a throng and twenty dollars' worth of fireworks.

When Mr. Peabody's turn came to address the multitude he was allowed barely time to allude to the Constitution, and the grand old war-horse of the party who had just spoken, before a band, concealed in the crowd, disclosed itself with "The Irish Washerwoman," played *forte* and *scherzo*. Mr. Peabody jumped, his jaw fell and his eyes started. Then he clutched the rail, but he could not keep himself down. He began to dance.

"Hold my legs!" he said, in a loud and urgent whisper to the grand old war-horses of the party who sat behind him; but the horses did not move; in fact, one of them said, audibly, that the misuse of liquor was to be regretted.

"Hold my legs, will you?" repeated Mr. Peabody, hanging to the rails, and now dancing so high that his coat-tails came to the level of his ears.

"Oh, will some of you stop me, or else stop that band?" he continued, with anger now mingled in his regret.

But none seemed to understand the situation, and as the music continued faster and faster the dance went on with greater fury, Mr. Peabody clinging to the bar and occasionally reaching such an elevation that his legs, hanging in space, seemed to form with his arms an inverted letter V. The populace gazed with surprise at his actions, and several people ventured remarks of disapproval. The beating of Mr. Peabody's feet on the boards raised a dust that made the war-horses cough.

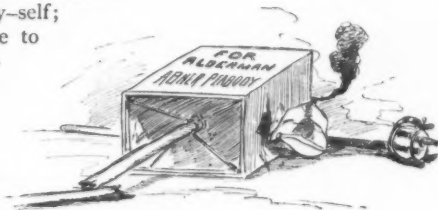
Suddenly, a voice was heard above the din of the band and the dance: "Ye 'll cast asper-rsions on the Sivinteenth of March, will ye, ye milk-livered divil? Dance, now, to a good old St. Patrick's Day tune. Jigit lively."

"Is that—you, Hen-nessy?" cried Mr. Peabody, with a shuffle and a jump. "Get 'em—to stop it, that's—a good fel-low."

"I'm not a good fellow to the like of you. Dance, will you! Look at that, now," he added in affected admiration as the soloist on the platform almost flung a somersault.

"It's a con-spiracy!" panted Mr. Peabody. "I hope, gentle-men, that—you will not con-sider me guilty—of frivolous con-duct. Please kill that—band. The fact—is, my father and mother were dancing tea-chers, and I—was born at—a ball. My birth mark—is jigs. Where—are the po-lice? I did—hope that—I should be—able to get through—this campaign without—making an ex-hibition of my-self; but it is impos-sible for me to hear music—without danc-ing—so the—mischief is done and Hennessy—has done it."

The music stopped. Mr. Peabody stopped. He was not elected.



C. S. Montgomery.

WITH BETTER CONSCIENCE.

MR. PROSPECT HYTES.—I hope this scheme for the consolidation of the two cities goes through.

MR. MURRAY HILL.—Why?

MR. PROSPECT HYTES.—Then when I go out of town I can register from New York without lying.

A DISTINGUISHING DEVICE.

The three BROWN girls look so much alike that they have adopted the following device in order that their friends may be able to distinguish one from the other:



VIOLA.



URSULA.



OLIVE.

A SOUND BASE IS VALUABLE.

OLD SNAGGS.—Hain't you ashamed to be at the foot o' yer class, Tommy?

TOMMY.—I don't know why I should be, Popper; the foot's the foundation, is n't it?

A STRIKING SITUATION—Twenty-four Hours' Time a Day and No Wages.

TROUSERS ARE a good deal like their wearers. When old age leaves them bald and shiny above, there is usually a beard-like fringe down below.



AN EXCUSE.

BURGLAR (*appearing unexpectedly*).—Lookin' fer anybody, gent?

MAN OF THE HOUSE (*on the warpath*).—Ah—why—er—excuse me—yes—no—Why, you see, the fact is, the doctor—er—told me to take exercise with Indian clubs; I—er—must have gotten this pistol by mistake.



FLUCTUATIONS IN FASHION.

ETHEL.—I *did* hear that the new hats were to be large and flat this coming season; but I did not suppose they would attain such gigantic proportions!

(Ethel's lorgnette is for sale.)

THE BLACKING-OUT PROCESS.

"I hear," said the Russian traveler, "that in America there is no such person as a press censor."

"Well," returned his interviewer, "that shows that you have been greatly misinformed. Wait till you see the holes the city editor will knock out of my copy!"

ELIGIBLE.

"Shippin Clarke a member of the Authors' Club! What did he ever write?"

"His application for membership."

KISSES IT.

Whene'er my true love's mouth I scan
It seems to me to be a
Good opening for a clever man —
And I act on that idea.

THE WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.



THE BROBDIGNAGGIAN AT MADISON SQUARE —



—AND THE LILLIPUTIAN AT HELL'S KITCHEN.

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."

The postman's whistle, down the street,
May bring us woe as well as weal;
But when he passes on his beat,
And does n't call — how glum we feel!

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

BOSTON GIRL (in Chicago).—Have you "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance?"

BOOK-SELLER.—No; but perhaps "My Lady Nicotine" would do instead.

THE POET MUSES.

O Pipe! Sweet, gentle Pipe!
In thee I trust.
(I'd rather smoke a good cigar,
But, then — I'm bust.)



NOT SO BAD.

MR. EISENBAUM.—Veil, mein sohn, how vos business ven I vos ouwt?

EISENBAUM, JR.—I solt von pair of von tollar pants.

MR. EISENBAUM.—Dot vos poor.

EISENBAUM, JR.—Von pair of von tollar pants for t'ree tollars an' a kewater.

MR. EISENBAUM.—Goot! Goot! You vill make a pusiness man yedt.

HE BEAT THE TATTOO.

REPORTER.—Great fun up at the dime museum to-night — the one-legged drummer ran a race with one of the freaks.

SPORTING EDITOR.—Who won?

REPORTER.—Look at the heading.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

HUSBAND.—I should like to know what made you tell Robinson that you were going to Florida this year?

WIFE.—He asked me.

TOO SYMPATHETIC.

FARMER STRAWSTACK (to DENTIST).—Say, doc; the tooth next to that one aches, too.

DENTIST.—Yes; in sympathy.

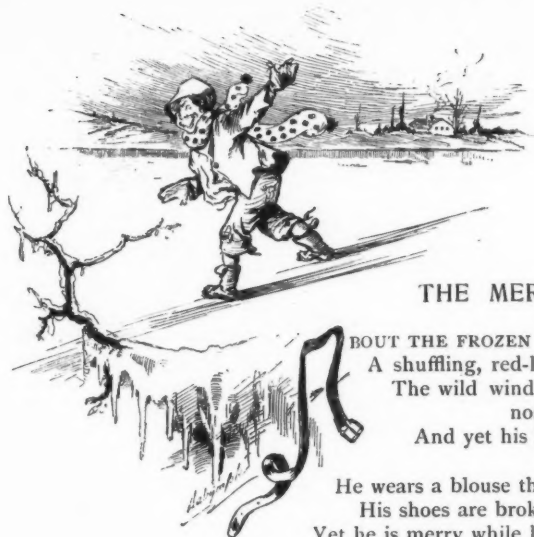
FARMER STRAWSTACK.—Gol darn sech sympathy! Yank 'er out!

ALMOST UNDERGROUND.

"The safest place in New York in case of a bombardment would be in the *Sun* office."

"Why so?"

"It is surrounded by so many tall and solidly constructed buildings."



THE MERRY SLIDER.

ABOUT THE FROZEN pond he goes —
A shuffling, red-haired, freckled lad.
The wild wind bites his ears and
nose,
And yet his heart is glad.

He wears a blouse that sadly fits,
His shoes are broken and too large,
Yet he is merry while he flits
About the mill-pond's marge.

He has no skates all silver bright
On which to fly in airy style —
Pathetic he appears despite
His spreading, homely smile.

Upon the shining ice he stands,
And with unceasing effort blows
Upon his horny, freckled hands,
And dances till he glows.

He has to dance or suffer the
Wild gusts that through his garments
glide,
And still he smiles contentedly
A smile long, deep and wide.

He wonders if he'll see the day
When he on nickel skates may skim,
And rich mens' sons will deign to play
On equal terms with him.

No one will smile upon him now
While o'er the frozen plain he glides;
But he is happy — just see how
He runs and madly slides!

He slides and slides and shouts care-free,
As though defying all the fates,
And dreaming in his boundless glee
That he is shod with skates.

None other, though aglow with joy,
Is happier skating in his pride
Than this poor freckled homely boy
With his great frantic slide.

R. K. Munkittrick.



SOULFUL LONGINGS.

MR. MULHOOLY (*at the Zoölogical Garden*).—Sure it's
longin' fur liberty these poor moonkeys are.

LITTLE DAUGHTER.—Is that what makes thim look
so Irish?

FRANCES'S INTERPRETATION.

Little Frances had two apples. One was a very large one, and the other was decidedly small.

One of them she was to give to her papa, and the other was to be for herself.

As Frances is but four years old, her mama tries to inculcate in her young mind the Golden Rule, and to induce Frances to guide her actions by its teaching.

In this case Frances manifested an intention to give her papa the smaller apple, when her mama said to her:

"Now, Frances, you know the Golden Rule, don't you?"

"Yes, 'm," replied the tot; "do to uvvers what you'd have uvvers do to you."

"Just so," said Mama. "Now, if Papa had those two apples, which would you like him to give to you?"

"Dis," replied Frances, promptly, holding out at arm's length the small apple, and keeping the other snuggled up to her bosom.

William Henry Siviter.

A CHEMICAL CHANGE.



FARMER BALDWIN taking his load to the cider mill.



FARMER BALDWIN taking his load home from the cider mill.



Johnson Lith. Co. Publishers, N.Y.

THE END OF AN AMBITION.

DEPARTED STATESMEN.—We, too, sought the Presidency all our lives, and had to do without it at last!



DASENT SOLESBY.



ONCE UPON A TIME a Novelist was walking through a New York street late at night, wondering how he was going to raise another novel out of his poor overworked brain without putting some phosphates or nitrates or other top-dressing on it. When a novelist's brain needs top-dressing, he goes to Europe or to California or Bermuda: but how can you go if you have n't got the money? And that was the trouble with this novelist.

Suddenly a garbage-cart rattled along the roadway, and a gust of wind blew some ashes into the novelist's eyes and a piece of paper to his feet. He picked up the piece of paper, and saw a name written on it:

DASENT SOLESBY.

He was a little superstitious. Genius and the uncertainty of the public taste tend to make novelists superstitious.

"Fate has come to my aid!" he said. "This is the name of my hero, and this shall be the title of my next book. George Meredith could n't have found a better one. Dasent Solesby! Why, there's romance, adventure and character in every syllable of it! I'll lay the plot out before I go to bed."

He was a conscientious novelist. They always are when they are hard-up. For six months he worked hard on his new novel, and he carried Dasent Solesby through three hundred and fifty pages of all sorts of romantic agonies. When he had finished the novel he was very well satisfied with it.

"This," he said, "is what comes of writing from inspiration. I could never have produced such a life-like work if I had had to invent a name for my hero."

Then he sent his manuscript to his publisher, and his publisher wrote him back: "My dear boy, it is the best thing you have done yet. Come down to-morrow and let us talk business."

So the next day the novelist got up and shaved himself, which he did not always do in the morning, and started off for his publisher's. He was so happy and so full of thoughts of Dasent Solesby and the triumph that the book was sure to make, that it did not strike him as at all odd when he opened his morning paper in the horse-car, and read a great black "scare-head:"

DASENT SOLESBY LEADS THEM ALL.

But the bright, sunny morning grew cold and dark and overcast when he read on:

The Probable Victor in the Great Six-Day Oyster-Opening Match.

Solesby Opens 3,307 in the First 12 Hours. Leading Cassidy by 231, Guggenheimer by 407. The Much-Vaunted Finnegan Nowhere.

Mr. Dasent Solesby, the most popular oyster and clam dealer of the Sixth Ward, bids fair to be the victor in the *Whirled's* great Six-Day Oyster-Opening Match. Mr. T. Finnegan, the champion of Walker St., retired from the contest last night distanced by 779 shells.

When the novelist had got through explaining to his publisher that he had not been hired by the *Whirled* to give that enterprising paper the benefit of a refined literary advertisement, he went home to try to think of a name for his new novel and its hero. If you happen to think of one, please send it to him. There is plenty of time, for the publisher says the whole manuscript will have to be copied over, or the story will get out through the printers and spoil the sale of the book.

What sort of a name would a man named Dasent Solesby have if his name was n't Dasent Solesby, any how?

LUCIFER WAS Star of the Morning, and he fell. Modern stars therefore stick to evening performances.



AN ADVANTAGE.

EMPLOYER.—You are having a decided flirtation with the girl who has charge of our telephone wire!

TRUTHFUL CLERK (with cold chills running up and down his spine, and with visions of instant discharge).—Y-e-e-s, sir; but, please, sir—

EMPLOYER.—Well, keep it up. She will give more attention to our calls, if you do.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT.

MRS. PRIM (of Boston).—Divorce is an unpleasant subject.

MRS. WEETPIT (of Chicago).—Yes; but it frees us from an unpleasant master!

NO FEAR OF SPIES.

CITIZEN (mysteriously).—I believe that stranger is a foreign spy who has come here to study up our harbor defences.

NAVAL OFFICER.—Don't worry. He won't find any to study.

JOY.

I love to sit upon the fence
And whittle it all day;
Because it is my neighbor's fence,
And he has gone away.

T. M.

IT IS THE man at the "little end of the horn" who does the work that blares out elsewhere to the admiration of the crowd.

MANY MEN who complain of working "as hard as a truck-horse," probably allude to the time that the truck is standing on the corner waiting for a job.

A CATCH PHRASE—Sick Him!

THE WOMAN who sent her color-blind husband out to match some cloth, just fainted in an ecstasy of happiness at the hint his labors gave her for a combination suit.



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

HOSTESS.—Are you fond of Kipling?

MR. GAIMES (of Chicago).—Never played it; but I'd just as soon take a hand as not—I s'pose I could pick it up easy enough!

AN APPEAL TO THE MAGAZINE EDITORS.

DEAR MISTER EDITORS, I pray,
Do let up on our feelin's,
An' with a happier set o' folks
Jist cultivate some dealin's.

The heros an' the heroines
'At wunst used to delight us,
I 'clar' to gracious, now air naught
But bugaboos to fright us.

Ye drown 'em, freeze 'em, burn 'em up,
Ye separate an' blight 'em,
Till it jist fairly makes me mad
There's nobody to right 'em.

It's come to readin' magazines
Is sort o' sinful folly,
If a body 'scapes the 'sylum, why,
They catch the melancholy.

What have we done that we should thus
Each month be set to weepin'?
Sure, many a bit o' happiness
From life's real page is peepin'.

So, Mister Editors, I say,
Do let up on our feelin's,
An' with a happier set o' folks
Jist cultivate some dealin's.
Anna Pierpont Siviter.



A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

MR. STARZENSTRIPE (to ENGLISH FRIEND).—I tell you, my boy, we Americans are a proud, free race of people—no servile submissiveness, no bowing down and cringing here!

SACRED.

BOGGS.—There is one crime that can never be charged against the Republican party.

FOGGS.—What is that?

BOGGS.—Betraying a Trust.

THE SAUCE OF DIGESTION.—What you hear when you wake up the Old Gentleman with his After-Dinner Newspaper spread over his head.

WE ARE ALL moral physicians; anybody can give advice. But to cure an infant of colic, a Board of Health certificate is necessary.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

PUCK.



IF SENSIBLE FOR ONE, WHY NOT FOR THE OTHER?

A CLIPPED HORSE'S SUGGESTION FOR A WINTER DAY.

THE POET WEEPS.

The little oil-stove that I lately got,
Only gives heat on the days that are hot—
If the mercury drops to the point marked *Freeze*,
That little stove registers 20°.

HIS OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY.

CHERRITY.—On Washington's Birthday every American citizen should meditate on the excellent qualities of the Father of his Country.

WELLES.—I do more than that. I always make it a rule invariably to tell the truth on the 22nd of February every year.

A CORRECT SIMILE.

Though old, the simile is apt;
For true as needle e'er can be
To the Pole am I to her; and yet
She's cold as is the Pole to me.

P. McArthur.



GUARD.—Step lively, there! What's the matter with you? Do you want us to stay here all day?

HOTEL TRAYMORE. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
LEADING WINTER RESORT.

Pickings from Puck 7th Crop

If you want to laugh and shout
Till you turn 'most inside out;
If you want to shriek and roar
Till you tumble on the floor;
If you want to shake and shake
Till your sides with laughter ache—
Earn a quarter, beg or steal or
Borrow—then of your newsdealer
Buy the glorious SEVENTH CROP
OF PICKINGS FROM PUCK. It's 'way
on top!

All Newsdealers. By mail, on receipt of
25 cents. Address, PUCK, New York.
Crops 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 constantly on tap.

RAMBLER BICYCLES



BEST
AND
MOST
LUXURIOUS.

Handsome 48 page catalogue on application.

Gormally & Jeffery Mfg Co.

221-223 N Franklin St., CHICAGO, ILL.

110 Columbus Ave. HUNTER, N. Y. 1335 14th St., N. W. WASHINGTON

27th Broadway, NEW YORK.

418*

EUROPE! EUROPE!

Three magnificent tours. Unequaled arrangements. Limited parties.
8th Season. Best references. MISS MARIETTA MELVIN, LOWELL, MASS.

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS

33 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK

BEAR LITHIA WATER

"SPARKLING."

"STILL."

Uric acid troubles, such as gout, rheumatism, gravel, etc., mastered. It is also a positive cure for **Kidney and Bladder** trouble. Dr. L. A. Sayre, N. Y., says: "I improved daily from the use of this valuable water, and am recommending it to my patients." Dr. R. M. C. Page, 31 W. 23rd St., N. Y., says: "There is no doubt about it, the BEAR LITHIA WATER is a big thing for gouty folks. I am use in the Uric especially when is a condition, or of gout occurs." Sparking Bear used largely in hotels and private proprietors of the "Windsor," the Delmonicos, and members of the Manhattan Club, and many others, will testify to its healthfulness and delicacy, as well as its wonderful aid to digestion. For sale by Park & Tilford, Acker, Merrill & Condit, R. A. Hevener & Co., and other dealers. Send for circulars and price-lists.



BEAR LITHIA WATER CO.,
945 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WALL PAPER

Send 6 cts. postage for 100 fine samples. \$1.00 will buy Elegant Paper and Large sample books to paper hangers 25c. Address K. W. F. Co. 145-7 W. 6th, Cincinnati, O.

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW.

We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. McEwen's Steam Dye Works and Cleaning Establishment, Nashville, Tenn. Mention PUCK.

PINK'S PATENT HOME MEDICATED RUSSIAN AND TURKISH BATH APPARATUS for Family use. Cures Colds, Rheumatism, etc. To be placed under a chair. PRICE, \$12.00; WITH GOWN, \$15.00. 1179 3rd Ave., N. Y.

"Some Winter Resorts and How to Reach Them," Just published by THE TRAVELERS' BUREAU OF THE NEWS SERIES (Herkimer, N. Y. Office), will be sent upon receipt of ten cents in stamps.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL., 230 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 308 to 314 Post Street.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1128 Main Street.

Price | "Worth a Guinea a Box." | 25c.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(QUICKLY SOLUBLE,
PLEASANT COATING;)

cure

Sick-Headache,

and all

Bilious and Nervous
Diseases.

Renowned all over the World.
Ask for Beecham's and take no others. Made at St.
Helens, England. Sold by druggists and dealers. New
York Depot, 365 Canal Street. 107

The Best Work
BY THE
Simplest Means
IN THE
Shortest Time



Accomplished

BY THE

Remington
Standard Typewriter.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb
box of candy by express, prepaid, east
of Denver or west of New York. Suit-
able for presents. Sample orders so-
lited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c. CIGAR.
30 YEARS THE STANDARD. 383



OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
BOSTON. WASHINGTON. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Special Agents,
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA.

HIS BELIEF MATERIALIZED.
Omar Ibrahim had been thinking heavily.
Plucking up courage he approached his master,
Mahomet.

"Right eye of the setting sun, Allah be with
you," said he to the prophet. "I beg an increase
of salary of ten dinars and five dirhems."

"Thou believest in the adage, 'Time is
money?'" asked Mahomet.

"Verily," answered Omar.

"Then thou mayst work two hours longer
each day."—*Jewelers' Circular.*

INCOMPATIBLE.

LONELY LEGGIT (*taking his first mouthful of
the KIND SAMARITAN'S refreshment*).—I am
afraid this preserve won't agree with me, Ma'am.

KIND SAMARITAN.—Why not?

LONELY LEGGIT.—It seems to hev worked.—
Pharmaceutical Era.

It is rumored that Dr. Keeley is to start a
branch of his gold cure industry in Kentucky.
Can the world's gold supply stand such a drain?
—*Yale Record.*

"United States" Playing Cards are remarkable for excellent quality of stock,
superior ivory finish and unusual dealing qualities. The brands most in use
by gentlemen of experience and taste are:

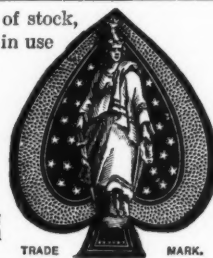
Capitol, Sportsman's, Cabinet,
Army and Navy, Congress, Treasury.

Insist upon having them from your dealer.

THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO.,

The Russell & Morgan Factories, CINCINNATI, O.

"The Card Players' Companion," showing how games are played, and giving
prices of 4 brands—400 kinds—of playing cards, will be sent to any one who will
mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose a two-cent stamp.



KNEW HIS LITTLE GAME.
MR. COURTER (*to HER LITTLE BROTHER*).—Now, my nice little man, come and tell me
how old you are.

HER LITTLE BROTHER.—I know yer; sister's
twenty-six.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

LOCAL PRIDE.

ST. PETER (*to new arrival*).—Where are you
from, sir?

COLORADO MAN.—Denver. Now tell me,
how high is this above Pike's Peak? —*Kate
Field's Washington.*

CINCINNATI has reduced the situation to this: "Must
the electric wires or the people go under the ground?"—
Detroit Free Press.

The four H's—health, happy homes and hospitality—fostered
by Angostura Bitters. Sole Manufacturers Dr. J. G. B. Siegert &
Sons. At all druggists.

New York Central's Chicago Limited—model train of
America. See time table.

PUCK'S LIBRARY NO. 56.

PATCHWORK.

Being "Puck's" Best Things About
One Thing and Another.

Have you read

Profesh. (Puck's Library, No. 35.)

Across the Ranch (Puck's Library, No. 48.)

Tips. (Puck's Library, No. 53.)

Chow Chow. (Puck's Library, No. 42.)

Help. (Puck's Library, No. 13.)

Whiskers. (Puck's Library, No. 51.)

Out Doors. (Puck's Library, No. 25.)

Round Town. (Puck's Library, No. 29.)

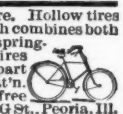
Kids. (Puck's Library, No. 37.)

10 Cents Each. All Newsdealers.

Send orders to PUCK, New York.

SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY

Perfection of cycle manufacture. Hollow tires
good; spring frames better; Sylph combines both
and is best; no need now to ride spring-
less cycles or depend on tires
alone for comfort. Sylph 3 part
spring frame destroys vibration.
Light, simple strong. Cata. free.
Bouss-Duryea Cycle Co., 66 G St., Peoria, Ill.



KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor.

AN IDEAL COMPLEXION SOAP.

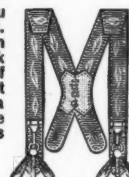
For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if
unable to procure this Wonderful Soap, send
25 Cents in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society
Waltz) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers
of Shandon Bell's Soap.



You don't want comfort. If you
don't wish to look well dressed.
If you don't want the best, then
you don't want the Lace Back
Suspender. Your dealer has it if
he is alive. If he isn't he shouldn't
be your dealer. We will mail a
pair on receipt of \$1.00. None
genuine without the stamp as
above.
Lace Back Suspender Co.,
67 Prince Street, N. Y.



Black and Blue Cloths

have a staple demand the
year round; hence our stock
is the largest and most com-
plete in the city.



All the popular makes
represented:

Worsteds, Clay Diagonals,
Baskets, Corkscrews,
Whipcords, etc.

Suits to Order from - - - \$20.00.

Trousers to Order from - - - \$5.00.

771 Broadway,
N. W. Cor.
9th St.,
New York.

Nicolle
Le Tailor

145 & 147
Bowery,
near Grand St.,
New York.

YOU HAVE SOMETHING
to live for if you have not seen our new



CENTURY COLUMBIA.

with Pneumatic Tires. Light, Strong,
Durable, and fully guaranteed.

POPE MFG. CO., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston.
12 Warren St., N. Y. 221 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
Factory, Hartford, Conn.

Another Reason why your Entire Stock, Bond
and Banking Business should be Transacted with **LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY,**
NO. 50 BROADWAY, New York City:
He allows 4 per cent. interest on idle
deposits subject to sight draft.

Hundreds of thousands of smokers are now using **MASTIFF** Plug Cut, preferring it to all other tobaccos.



It is pretty safe to venture a trial on such precedents. Suppose you try a package and ascertain the cause of its popularity.

J. E. PACE TOBACCO CO. RICHMOND, VA.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB'S SIXTEENTH ANNUAL DOG-SHOW.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY,
FEBRUARY 23, 24, 25 and 26, 1892.

All the Celebrated Dogs of the Country,
and Many from Abroad on Exhibition.

PROF. HAMPTON'S Troupe of Performing Dogs Every Afternoon
and Evening.

OPEN FROM 9 A. M. TO 11 P. M.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

THE PERFECTION
OF CHEWING GUM.



A DELICIOUS
REMEDY
FOR ALL FORMS OF
INDIGESTION.

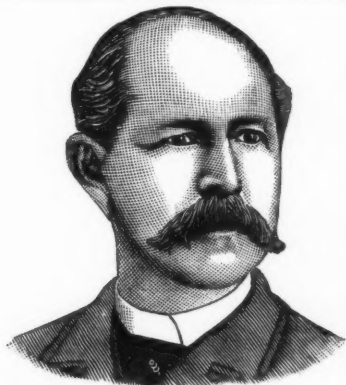
1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin
mailed on receipt of 25c.

CAUTION—See that the name
Beeman is on each wrapper.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to
digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from
dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake St., Cleveland, O. 403*

ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

"HYPNOTIC TALES," By
J. L. FORD.
In Paper, 50 Cts. In Cloth, \$1.00.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOE THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

Seamless shoe, without tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of fine calf, stylish and easy. They equal hand-sewed costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00.
\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for \$5.00; equals imported shoes which cost from \$8.00 to \$12.00.
\$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom made shoes costing from \$6.00 to \$9.00.
\$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy thick soles, extension edge.
\$2.50 fine calf, \$2.25 and \$2.00 Workingman's are very strong and durable.
Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.
Ladies' \$3.00 Hand-sewed shoes, best Dongola, very stylish; equal French imported shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$6.00. \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.
Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas's name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you, and if they will not do so, send advertised price, stating kind desired and size and width usually worn. Shoes sent by mail to any part of the world, postage free.

PROGRESS OF THE PLAY.

AGENT (to PLAYWRIGHT).—What kind of progress are you making with your tragedy?

PLAYWRIGHT.—Beautiful, beautiful. I've got everybody killed off except the leader of the orchestra, and the ax is drawn on him.

AGENT.—Let her go, old man. I'll bet the audience is wild with joy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE DESIGN WAS ALL THERE.

Benvenuto Cellini had just finished a beautiful hanap, when Lucretia Borgia entered his studio. This gentle lady admired the work in silver, but failed to grasp the meaning of the design.

"The design appears to me to illustrate some biblical episode," said she.

"It does," returned Cellini; "Daniel in the lion's den is the subject."

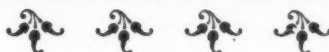
"Ah! but I see only the lions."

"Undoubtedly, however, you note a slight distention of the lions' bodies?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's Daniel."—*Jewelers' Circular.*

KODAKS



can be loaded in daylight. Registers exposures and locks automatically when a new film is turned into place.

\$8⁵⁰ to \$25⁰⁰

Send for Circulars.

Daylight Kodak

are always sold loaded ready for immediate use. They can be used for roll films or glass plates.

The new

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ON THE WEST SHORE TRAIN.

BRAKEMAN.—Haverstraw!

MAN-WITH-THE-BOTTLE.—No, thanks. This will do. It's all gone now, anyhow.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

For pain in the neck and sore throat rub with
Salvation Oil, it kills all pain. 25 cents.
The quickest way to banish a cough is by using
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

For Brain-Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 30,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, 40 engravings; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York. 388

"HALF-TRUE TALES," By
C. H. AUGUR
In Paper, 50 Cts. In Cloth, \$1.00.

South-Western Limited, via New York Central. Fastest and best train for Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis. No extra fare.

IF THE latest statement that whiskey is a cure for the grip be true, then we can not hope to escape an epidemic.—*Boston Post.*

NOTHING FUNNY

about an uncomfortable pair of suspenders.

THE CENTURY

most sensible suspender made,
because it is comfortable,
first, last and all the time.

The next time you need a brace

ASK YOUR FURNISHER FOR IT.

If he does not keep it send to us and we will mail sample pair.
50 cts. for plain. \$1.00 for silk figured.
Chester Suspenders Co., 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury, Mass.



BEST CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE.

Made from 2 to 3 years old SONOMA VALLEY WINE,
America's Best Product.

Our cellars, extending from Warren to Chambers St., are the finest wine cellars in this city. They enable us to carry sufficient stock to properly age the wine before drawing it off into bottles. The best proof of its superiority lies in the fact that we are patronized by the most prominent hospitals of New York, Brooklyn, and all parts of this country.

A. WERNER & CO., 52 Warren St., New York.

I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to a chemical analysis, and find it free from any impurities whatever. I therefore cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy American wine.

A. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.
Professor of Chemistry and Physics, College City of New York.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—The Miser's.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

It will pay you if you have any money to invest, either large or small sums, to send for pamphlet "Investment vs. Speculation." Free to any one mentioning this paper.

TAYLOR & RATHVON, Boston, New York or Denver.

Investment vs. Speculation.

"Dividend Paying Investments."

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally ON FIRE with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

45¢ "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

BABY'S

Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



PAINS AND WEAKNESSES

Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.

A Famous French Chef

once wrote: "The very soul of cooking is the stock - pot, and the finest stock - pot is

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef."

J. Liebig

Genuine only with signature. Invaluable in improved and economic cookery. For Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes.

SMOOTHER THAN GOLD, MORE DURABLE THAN PURE STEEL



Samples free at the stationers, or we will send twelve styles for ten cents. 391

TADELLA PEN CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

ROKER'S BITTERS.
The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS.
and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easy food—it is more than food, if you please; but it is a food—to bring back plumpness to those who have lost it.

Do you know what it is to be plump?

Thinness is poverty, living from hand to mouth. To be plump is to have a little more than enough, a reserve.

Do you want a reserve of health? Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

34

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every county to act in the Secret Service under instructions from Capt. Grannan, ex-Chief Detectives of Cincinnati. Experience not necessary. Established 11 years. Particulars free. Address Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O. The methods and operations of this Bureau investigated and found lawful by United States Government.

PAYS well on small investments. **MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONS and VIEWS** of all grades and prices, for Public Exhibition and Home Amusement. Send for 250 page Catalogue free. 296
MCALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York.

THE RULING PASSION.

PAPA.—Johnnie, I heard that you were a bad boy at school to-day. Did you break some rule, and the teacher had to whip you?

JOHNNIE.—No, Papa; I did n't break any rule; but the teacher, she hit me so hard that she broke her'n.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

ALWAYS LIBERAL.

PORTER.—Dis am only a quartah, sah!

MR. WYCKOFF.—That's all right; when I tip a man I never do it by "halves!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DEFENSE.

"What's the charge against this man, officer?"

"No visible means of support," returned Number 5070.

"I can't afford to take me wife wid me everywhere," growled the prisoner.—*The Epoch.*

THERE are changes in fashions and fashions in change. Have you seen any of the new silver pieces?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—Pure, Soluble, Economical.

New York Central's new train—Empire State Express—fastest in the world. No extra fare.

SHE.—Do you dance, Mr. Freshleigh?

HE (sadly).—No; I pay the piper.—*Vale Record.*

NERVOUS DEBILITY

cured by the use of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Tones the system, makes the weak strong.

Cures Others will cure you.

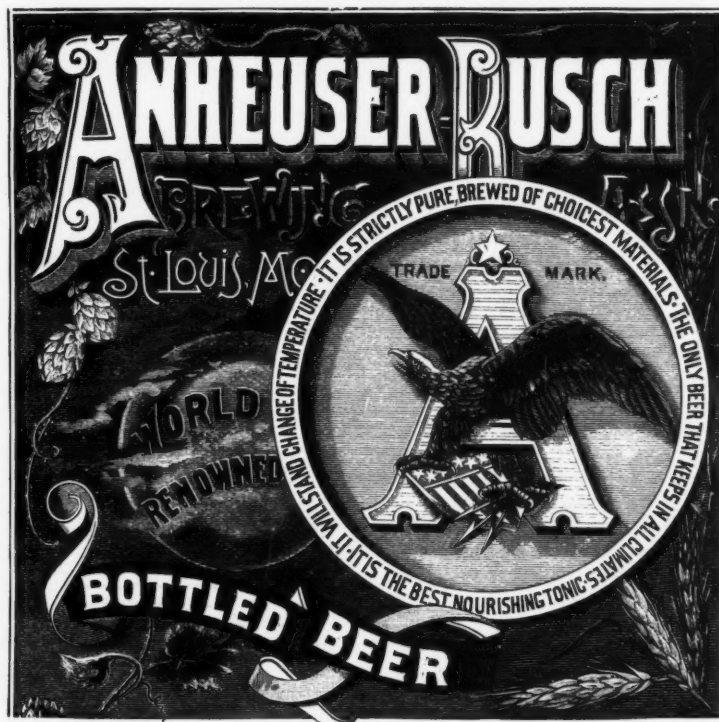
THE BISHOP & BABCOCK CO.,
Manufacturers of the LATEST IMPROVED

BEER PUMPS



THE EUREKA No. 9.
DOUBLE ACTING.

and all kinds of apparatus for Preserving and Drawing Lager Beer, Ale and Porter.
Sales Room: 152 Centre St., N. Y.
Manufacture, at Cleveland, O.
Send for Large Illustrated Catalogue.



With the Completion of the New Brewhouse, the Brewing Capacity is the Largest of any Brewery in the World.

BREWING CAPACITY: 6 kettles every 24 hours, 6,000 Barrels, or 1,800,000 Barrels per year.

CONSUMPTION OF MATERIAL: Malt, 12,000 bushels per day — 3,600,000 bushels per year. Hops, 7,500 lbs. per day — 2,250,000 lbs. per year.

No Corn or Corn Preparations are used in the manufacture of the ANHEUSER-BUSCH BEER. It is, therefore, the highest priced but the most wholesome and really the least expensive for its superior quality.

ANNUAL SHIPPING CAPACITY: 100,000,000 Bottles and 5,000,000 Kegs. 399

HALF a loaf is better than a railroad sandwich. — Kate Field's Washington.



ARE YOU GROWING A MOUSTACHE?
Is it a thing of beauty? If not, use the MOUSTACHE IMPROVER and TRAINER, a simple instrument, that will add to your personal appearance. 40 cents each; 3 for \$1.00. Postal note, stamps or currency taken and goods sent free. P. C. RUSSELL & CO., 5 Dey St., New York.

RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE.
BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND.
HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
New York Branch, 92 Pearl Street, E. L. ZELL, Agent

DRUNKENNESS LIQUOR HABIT.

In all the World there is but ONE CURE, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. IT NEVER FAILS. 48-page book of particulars free. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 E. 2d St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Have BEECHAM'S PILLS ready in the household.

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
America's Favorite Ten-cent Cigar.
FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
Factory, 406 & 408 E. 50th St.

Even poor varnish is good for a while.

You may as well know a little about it.

We shall be glad to send you, free, the "People's Text-Book on Varnish," from which you will become intelligent, not on varnish itself, but on varnished things; know what to expect of and how to care for proper varnish on house-work, piano, furniture, carriage, etc.; and how to get it in buying these things.

The intention is to help you avoid the losses that come of poor varnish, no matter who uses it!

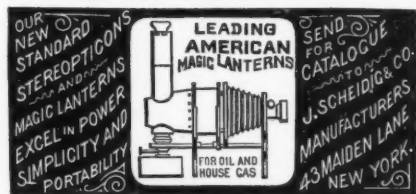
MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY,
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.

Head Office: Newark, N. J.

Other Offices: Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis and Chicago.

Factories: Newark and Chicago.

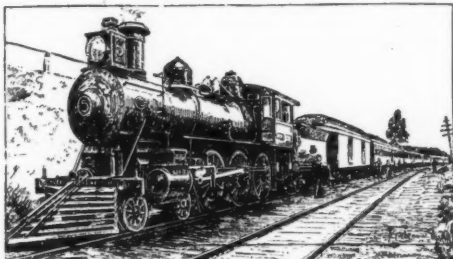
181



316

The inland lakes of the United States have found their poet. Many of the scenes in HALF-TRUE TALES are laid in the region of Lake Michigan and others; they throb with life; the word-painting in many of them is superb.

"ONE WHOLE DAY SAVED."

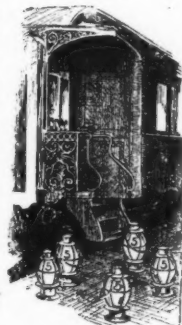


THE TRAVELER ON THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD'S

Special Vestibuled Fast Train, popularly known as "The Big Five," saves a whole day in the trip between Chicago and Denver. It makes close connection with the trunk lines from the East, and is a luxurious train throughout. Parlor, Dining, Buffet, Library, Smoking and Sleeping Cars are included in its equipment. A corresponding train leaves Denver every day.

The "Big Five" leaves Chicago at 10 P. M., one hour after arrival of Eastern trains, arriving at Omaha next day at noon, Denver 7:40 in the morning—the traveler being out but one day and two nights, instead of two days and one night. The next time you are going West try the "Big Five."

E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager.
W. I. ALLEN, Asst. Gen'l Mgr.
JNO. SEBASTIAN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent.



PILES

INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. No purge. No Salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

NOT SO TO HIM.

"You bet," he said, "I don't think marriage is a failure."

"Are you a married man?" asked a sad-eyed woman across the table.

"Not much; I'm a divorce lawyer."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FUCK'S
LIBRARY
No. 55.

YOUNG 'UNS

10 Cents.
All News-
dealers.

WHERE?

The editor-in-chief looked up over his spectacles, and remarked to the managing editor:

"I notice in this literary magazine that Walter Besant asks: 'Where have all our poets gone?'"

"Ugh," grunted the managing editor; and he went out and gazed down into the dank, dark, silent abyss of the elevator shaft for as much as two minutes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

For Advertising on Elevated
Railways in New York and
Brooklyn, and Street Cars
in all leading Cities of the
U. S., address

COHN BROS.,
Temple Court, N. Y. City.

UNDER THE SPELL.

POTLER (*writing*).—How do you spell "dis-
sipate"?

PORTER (*just recovering*).—D-i-z-z-y-p-a-t-e.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

EVERY INCH A GENTLEMAN.

SYKES.—He is n't well-bred. You never catch
me letting a lady precede me up a stairway.

POTTES.—Particularly when you both are try-
ing to catch an L train.—*The Epoch.*

The New York Central's elegant North Shore Limited
affords perfect service to Chicago and the West.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS
via **QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE**
The *Florida Limited* The *New Orleans Special*
A SUPERB VESTIBULED TRAIN running DAILY between
CINCINNATI AND ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.
via LEXINGTON, CHATTANOOGA, ATLANTA & JACKSONVILLE
NO EXTRA FARES ON THESE TRAINS

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE bicycler, when he takes a header, examines
ground which he has n't the least idea of pur-
chasing.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS
FOR THE **HAIR AND SKIN**
An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow thick, soft and beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c.
All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone Str., New York.
ESTABLISHED 1801.

The New York Central affords the fastest and most com-
plete through-train service of any railroad in America.

THAT'S WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.
An ace in the hand is worth two in the pack.
A pint of whiskey will cause a peck of trouble.
Debtors can console themselves by knowing
that there is always somebody thinking of them.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*



UNEXCELLED HATS.

WINTER STYLES.

177 B'way bet. Cortlandt
and Dey Sts., N.Y.
bet. 26 & 27 Sts.
124 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

ED PINAUD'S ELIXIR DETOXIFRICE

273

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 18 & 17 BEERMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. NEW YORK.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by
sample to the whole-
sale and retail trade. Liberal salary and 3
expenses paid. Permanent position. 6
Money advanced for wages, advertising, 3
etc. For full particulars and reference address CENTENNIAL MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

CUBAN { 3-inch, \$10 thousand; 4-inch, \$11; 5-inch Perfecto, \$15.
Sample box, by mail, 35 cents. Agents wanted. 396
CIGARS. J. AGUERO, 50 Fulton Street, New York.

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

Unequaled for Delicacy of Flavor and
Nutritious Properties. Easily Digested.
Different from all other Cocoas.

312*

"JEST A FLYIN'."

Twenty-four hours time ahead of all com-
petition into Portland, Oregon, from Chicago,
Omaha or Sioux City. The Union Pacific, the
original Overland Route, is doing this every day.
You can lay off one day, anywhere along the
line, and go fishing and still get in as quick as
the other man. You can go straight through
and make Portland one whole day ahead of all
competitors.

See your nearest Union Pacific Agent, or ad-
dress E. L. LOMAX, Genl. Pass. & Tkt. Agent,
Omaha, Neb.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

LACES.

Real Point Alencon, Gaze, and Applique, New
and Beautiful Designs. Bridal Veils, Duchesse,
Point, and Applique.

LOOM LACES.

Point de Gaze, Point Gaze, Black, White and
Beige. Entirely New Effects. Real Thread Face
Veils, Silk Nets, Veilings.

Broadway & 19th St.

New York.

A DENTIST in a Western city is named Leggo. As a
usual thing, however, he will not do so until it is out.—
Texas Siftings.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The
result of 20 years' experience. For sale at
Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample
Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and
Beauty. Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous
and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent
sealed on receipt of 40c. also Disfigure-
ments like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink
and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of
Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

PUCK.



YOUNG LADY.—Here is your ring, Mr. Snipes. I not only can not marry a Harrison man, but I can not even offer to be a sister to one.



TEACHER.—Now, Tommy Waffles, what form of government are we living under?—Republican or Monarchical?
TOMMY WAFFLES.—Republican; but my father says it'll be Democratic after the next election.



A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER.
THIRSTY WANDERER (after a moment's pause).—Hooray, fer Hill!



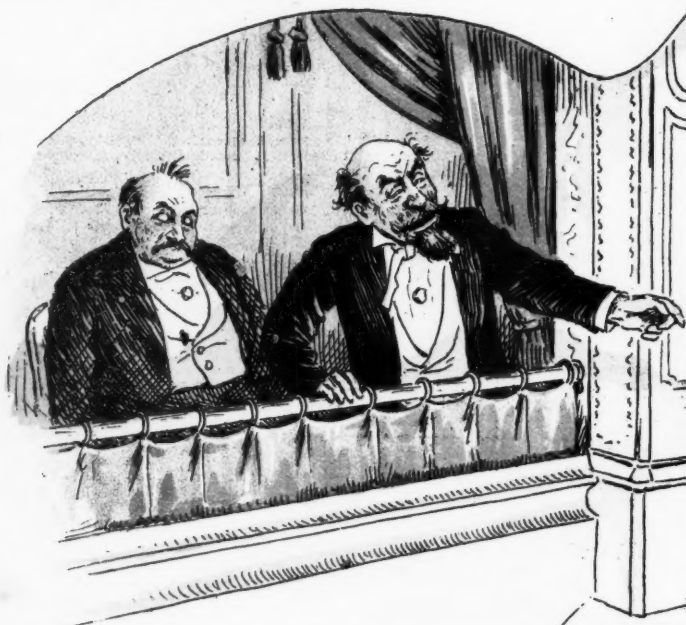
CHORUS.—Here, take a nip of this!
THIRSTY WANDERER.—Thanks, gents: I thought I had n't made no mistake!



WIFE.—Oh, Doctor, I'm afraid he's getting delirious! Just before you came, he said that Alger was going to get the Republican Nomination.
PHYSICIAN.—Madam, I will not conceal from you that his condition is critical; but we must hope for the best.



"Now, then, Mister, we're taking a vote on this train for the most popular candidate for President. Who's your choice?"



HAMLET.—"A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."
MR. RACKETS (from Elmira, waking up).—The Herald-Mercury lighted on him, did it?—Well, who in thunder cares what them Mugwump papers say, anyhow?



J. Oppen

THE OLD FAMILIAR EPIDEMIC, "PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS" AROUND AGAIN.